

SHRIMP - R

PO BOX 1837

UPLAND, CA 91785

NEW TAPES

SENTRIDOT "MOST OF THE WORST + SOME OF THE BEST" (SHR 36)
MAYBE MORE IN VEIN WITH 'WEED FORESTIN' TGM "III", MAYBE
FOR BETTER THAN WORSE. BE ALONE TO DECIDE. 30 MIN. \$3.00

PASTE "CHERRY RED RADIO" (SHR 35)

ACOUSTIC GUITARS CAN SPIT FEEDBACK OUT THEIR SPLEEN AND
WRAP IT UP IN WAX. 30 MIN \$3.00

CARNE A "ANTHEMS OF CARNEA" (SHR 34)

LIKE 4 SOLO ALBUMS BLEEDING INTO ME, SOMEONE IS BOUND
TO GET HEPATITIS ALONG THE WAY. 40 MIN. \$3.00

THE MANTAIN GOATS "HAND CHRONICLES" (SHR 33)

IMPASSIONED YOUTH TAKE OVER THE WATER TABLE WITH SIMPLE
SONGS ABOUT DIFFICULT SUBJECTS. NATION OF ULYSSES PLEASE
TAKE NOTES ON SINCERITY. (MURDER) 35 MIN. \$3.00

HIGH FLY GRAVEYARD "VIA" (SHR 32)

2 SONGS A PIECE BY VIRGIN SHRIMPERS TYPES JUNKET,
AH-BUS, DISKOTHI-A, MASSENGIL, EXTRA GLENNIS + WILL SIMMONS. 30 MIN. \$2.00

UPCOMING 7" SINGLES (DO NOT ORDER BEFORE 12/10/92 PLEASE)

\$3.00 @

SWING SET "A SHRIMPERS COMPILATION"

COMPANION PIECE TO LAST YEAR'S GHOST OF A ROLLERCOASTER

THIS ONE FEATURES: BUGSKULL, BUZZSAW, LIL JOHNNY H, PASTE, OAR
NOTHING PAINTED BLUE, SMOG, SIMON WICKHAM SMITH + MINCE MEAT.

REFRIGERATOR "CAR ALARM"

SIX NEW SONGS + ONE LIVE AT K-SPC. LIKE AN ABUSED AUNT CARRYING
BAGGAGE, OR A COCA-COLA SUCKING UP YOUR LIVER - ALL THIS ISN'T ME.

MOUNTAIN GOATS

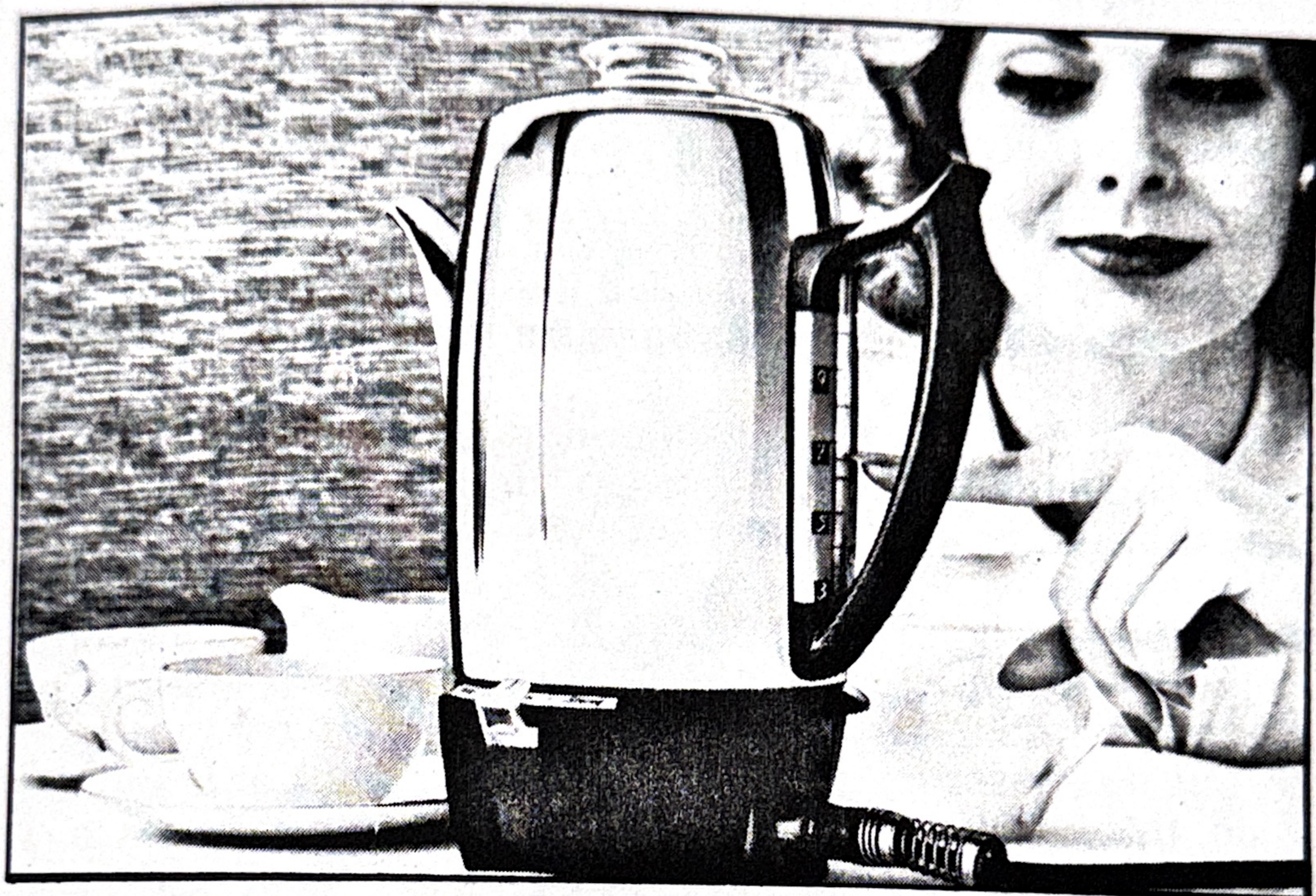
5 SONG VINYL BY THE PROLIFIC GOATS. A DICHOTOMY BETWEEN
ACOUSTIC ASCERTAINATIONS + CASIO TIC NIGHTMARES.

WE GOT A MESS OF OTHER TAPES + 7" MOST OF WHICH ARE
\$3.00 PPB IN THE USA - WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.
PLEASE MAKE ANY ✓ OR M.O.'s AT TO DENNIS CALLACI.

UPCOMING TAPES: SHOEFACE, DISKOTHI-A, MASSENGIL, GIANT SAND, THE BOX, BUCKETHEAD, BUZZSAW....



Hey, where are all the percolators, anyway?



Having friends that work at the Coffee Connection is not an uncommon thing. There are still alternative undercurrents that defy the yuppification of the famous coffee shop, and everyone has known someone who has worked there at one time or another. After all, it's an integral part of having a well-stocked group house: one house mate works at the local used clothes shop, one at the natural food store, and one at the nearest Coffee Connection. All the house members do a little skimming off the top for themselves and their house mates, and presto: punk house! Personally I've been fortunate enough to know four or five people who worked at the Coffee Connection and weren't shy about liberating samples for a friend, so I've been lucky enough to see how the other side gets hyped.

The Coffee Connection

can be a frightening place, especially to a gourmet coffee novice like myself. I felt intimidated the first time I walked into the Coffee Connection and said, "I want a cup of coffee," to one of the less punk employees. The woman behind the counter thought I was kidding. She laughed and said, "What kind?"

"Uh...black. Black coffee." I said.

She didn't say anything.

"Large. I want a large black coffee."

She still thought I was kidding and she was starting to get annoyed. She just pointed to the menu that I didn't see when I walked in. On it were names of countries that I had never heard of and prices that were much more than I had in my pocket.

"Don't you have anything for less than a buck?"

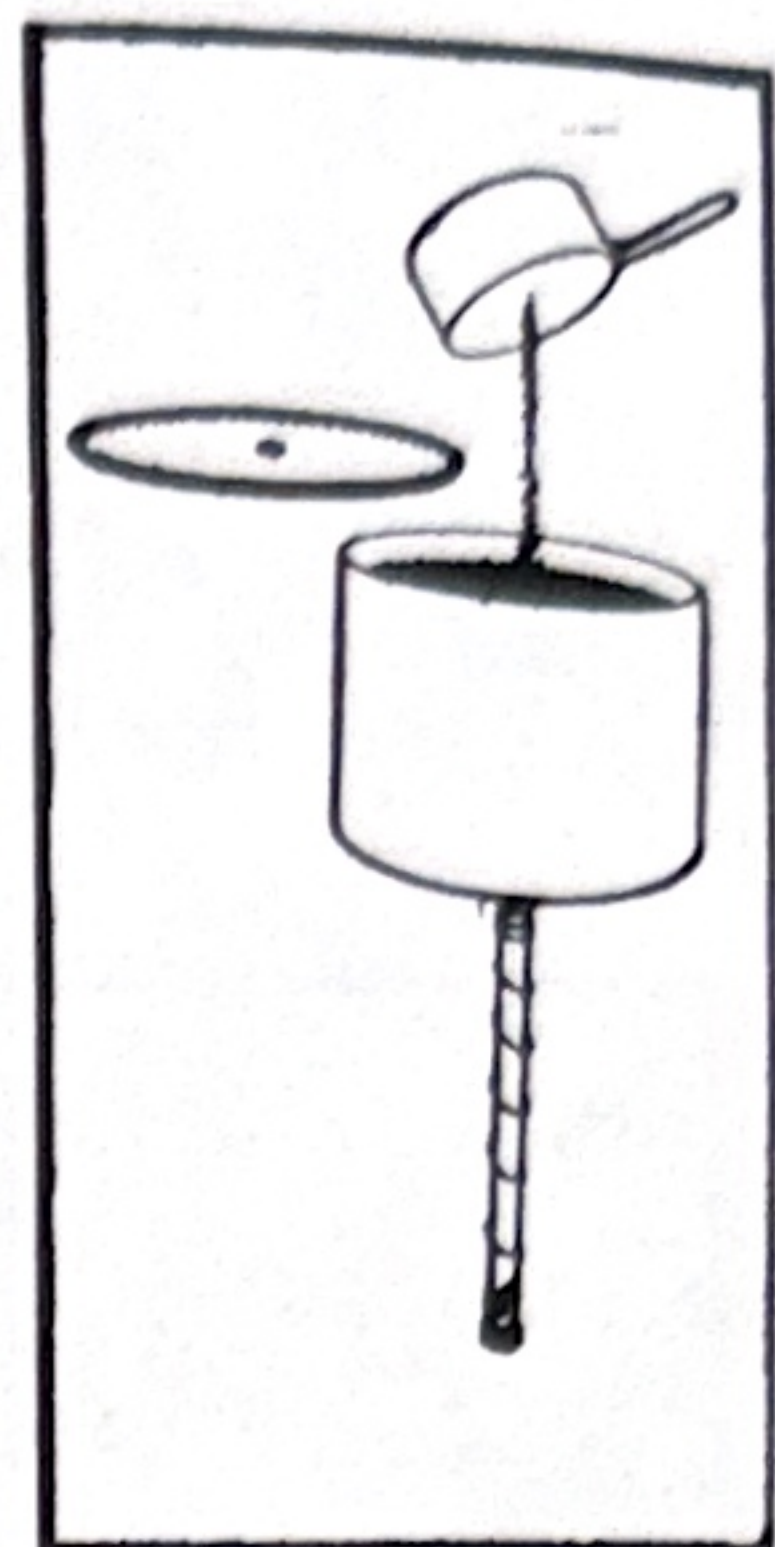
The woman cooled off a little after I gave her something to work with. She smiled and pointed to a blackboard behind her that had "Special: Sumatra Mandehling-\$1" written in chalk.

"Yeah...I'll have a Sumatra Man-handling. Is it strong?"
Duh...It was wicked strong. I was up until five in the morning.

Apparently I'm not the only one who has been a victim of coffee ignorance. My friend Sean works at the Newbury St. Coffee Connection and he says that there are always people who order an espresso and then swear they didn't order *that* when he gives them the inch-high cup. "Then other times they try to play it cool, but they just look really confused. They look at it and they say 'So, this is my espresso? This is a double here?' I say yes. They say 'It's done, right?' I say yes. Then they say 'Cool' and walk off with their girlfriend."

Over the years I have become more adept at going to the Coffee Connection. I learned to always look for the specials board if no one I knew was working, not to say "Celeeeeebs" or "Espresso," and even to sit at one of the tables and avoid feeling ignorant among all the Harvard professors and guys in turtle-necks reciting poetry to themselves. In the meantime I drank some of the best coffee I've ever had.

Aged Sumatra is my current favorite. It's different from any other coffee that I've ever tasted. It reminds me of wood, but not like coffee with chicory. It reminds me of some other kind of wood, oak or something. Other personal favorites include the Coffee Connection's French Roast that is so dark and thick that it can sometimes be a meal substitute. Also, I have recently been a victim of the Mochaccino spell. I tasted the friends Mochaccino one evening and had reoccurring dreams for a month featuring the old Budweiser Taste Buds and a six-foot animated Mochaccino, until I was finally able to get one. It not only makes your mouth water, it has an addictive mind-numbing affect. The caffeine picks you up while the steamed milk pulls you down simultaneously. You end up in a subtle, mellow, mocha-euphoria unlike any other.



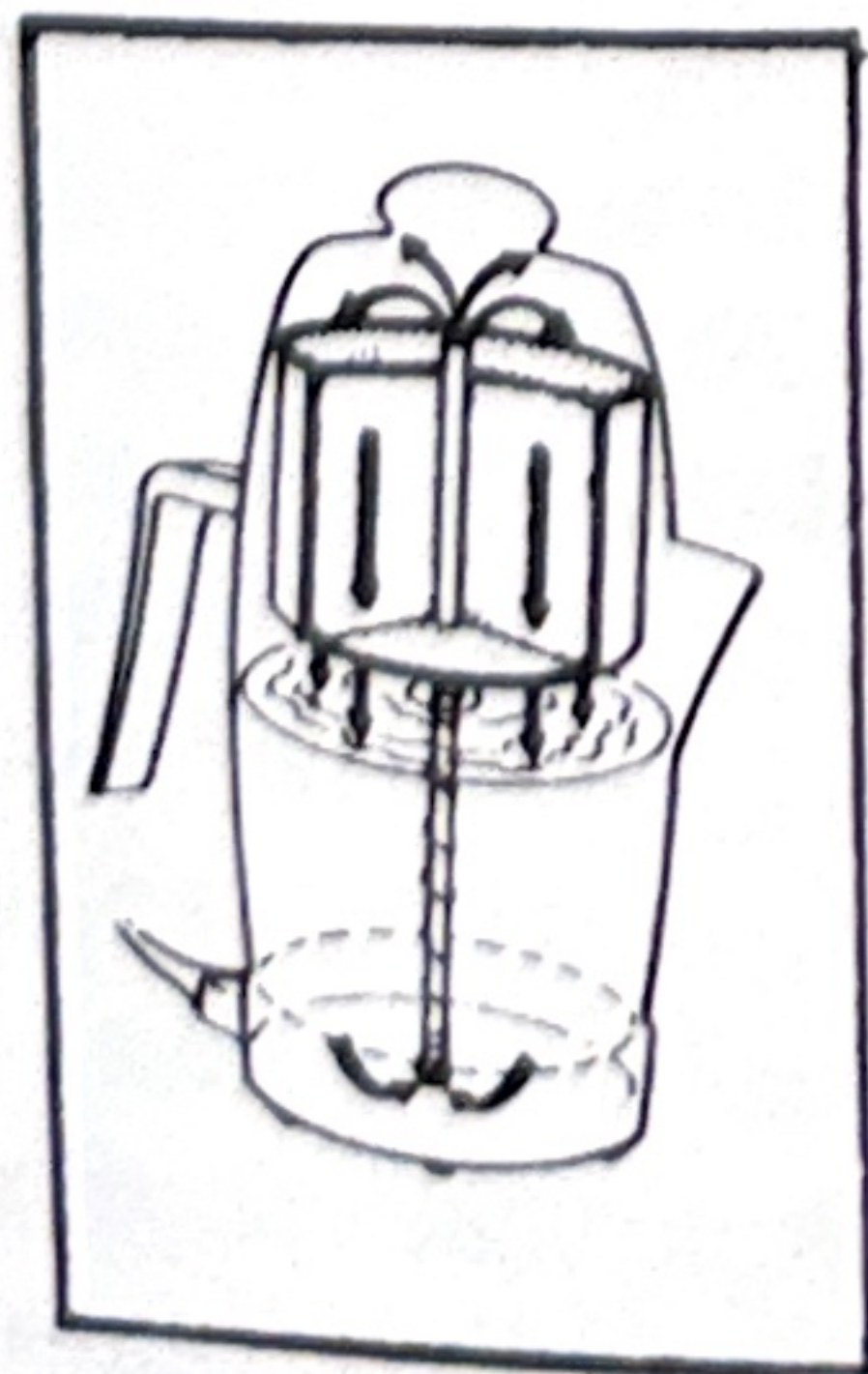
Of course, the Coffee Connection attracts its own crowd of annoying coffee snobs. I can't remember how many times I was talking to one of the people who works there and some pushy customer interrupted, yelling "Hey, I asked for *Vienna Roast!*" The Murph, who works at the Harvard Square Coffee Connection, or "CC #1," as the employees say, said that a woman threatened to commit suicide when she found out that she couldn't have a Frappeuccino because the machine was broken. "I'll simply have to...kill myself!" The Murph said to do it outside.

One of the most interesting things about the Coffee Connection is the retail section. They have a whole glass case full of exotic coffee makers. The De Longhi Espresso Maker and the Neapolitan Flip-Drip Coffee Maker are two of the sleekest looking. The latter I swear I've seen in Scotty's cabin on an old episode of Star Trek. Apparently you put the water in the one end and the coffee in the other, put it on the stove and flip it over after it comes to a boil. (Of course Scotty used his to store scotch.) There is much bazaar paraphernalia there, including the Cona Vacuum Coffee Maker, the Bistro Melior, (the plunger-looking thing that you see everywhere), and many strangely fashioned pots and mugs from Europe. Just about everything costs more money than most of us see in a week. It all looks interesting, but I can't imagine what it would be like to spend that much money on a cup of coffee. Who wants to go through the ordeal of using one of those gismos every morning, anyway? The drip machine is confusing enough after stumbling into the kitchen. To me, one of the great things about coffee is that it has always been simple and cheap, so I recommend sticking to drip coffee makers and percolators. Hey, where are the percolators, anyway?



Well, one day I asked. As it turns out the Coffee Connection doesn't even sell percolators because they say that some of the "more delicate flavors of the coffee are broken down into an un-

pleasant caramelized taste." Unpleasant? When I was in school there was no better security than the endearing babble of my K-Mart percolator between the screaming alarm clock and first period English. Sure, that coffee was a little well-done sometimes, but there was a smooth bitterness to it that I've never tasted at the Coffee Connection. Sure, I guess it's interesting to experience the flip side of the coffee world sometimes, but when it comes down to it, I'll take cheap bitter mud any day.



your mom pulled a gun on me the other day and i thought this was really cool and i kicked it out of her hand and we laughed for about ten minutes then she kicked me in the balls and i rolled around on the ground for what seemed like hours...a half an hour later i was able to stand up and punch her in the gut. we both laughed our heads off when she got up from the ground and could breathe normally again. i hate to say this to you but you're an asshole and your mom is twenty times cooler than you cuz she kicks ass and takes it on the chin like any hardass would and you sit around sucking your thumb and masturbating to Oui...



short driving story

while driving renee to boston i put a cassette tape in my side mirror frame so it would stay in a good viewing spot early in the morning, 7-ish, i noticed some shimmering in the mirror and realized the tape was unspooling itself and becoming a banner along side and behind the van

a couple a' cars passed and looked and then i proceeded to reel it in a clumpy pile of brown chrome audio tape. the end.

another ccnv shift and i can't believe how far gone america is...peace corps volunteers teaching english in europe in the wake of iron curtain falling...no more hungarian languages, folks, become free...enjoy democracy allow us (u.s.) to control you star search, 1-900, sexy scenes on e.t. (entertainment tonight) destroy the black panthers because they educate and give away free food and seek respect/self respect for blacks-two live crew they lay it on the line-terminate bring on g'n'r/cherry pie/mtv-light sleaze, more please -1984 existed when orwell wrote it he was ahead of his time because he "looked into the future...the future is now" george allen is dead now so where does that leave us there's a brick speeding toward you and if your not paying attention, not aware it's like being hit square on the head by a penny being dropped from a top the empire state building-lights out-drink from an atomic bomb freedom-buy a six-pack or case today

Jackie once warned me not to become a cab driver. He had done it himself. "Long hours," he said, "and bad pay." I didn't listen though, and finding myself in a new city with no money and long hair limiting my prospects, I showed my hopeful face one morning at the Chelsea Cab Company. The older street-worn drivers didn't even look at me as they approached the dispatcher's window to announce their arrival. One of them later told me, "we don't bother to learn a guys name 'till he's been here three months. If he lasts that long, he's usually hooked. Most guys quit quick. I'll just call you fifty one. It's easier that way."



Long Hours and Bad Pay

I couldn't stop staring at the dispatcher's purple eye makeup and cheap wig. She tried to hand me a piece of paper. "Here," she growled in a voice ragged with uncountable cigarettes and hours on the mic. What a strange mask she wore. A cross between Phyllis

Diller and the Fabulous Moolah. She didn't care. Every driver was expected to tip her. If you chose not to, you got bad calls or none at all. The paper in my hands said that I needed to get a physical. I also needed to file my fingerprints with the police department. I would not be working this day.

Prints filed and body parts prodded and inspected, I was to receive training on Sunday at noon. It did not seem to matter that I was new in town and unfamiliar with its layout. I had been studying maps but figured they'd send me out with an old-time pro hack for a shift or two. I was far from right. I got there early and explored the fenced in gravel yard and its buildings. There were hundreds of cabs in various conditions. Mechanics worked in a six bay garage keeping the cars rolling. The office was closed for the weekend and the scary dispatcher was replaced by a slim greasy man who could have been mistaken for a carnival worker. There was a break room similar two break rooms almost everywhere I worked. The centerpiece was an oversized painted drippy and sloppy with a battleship color paint.

It matched the cinder block walls and the bathroom doors. Vintage coffee and candy machines blandly offered Paydays, Fritos and foul, burnt, oily joe. The lights inside them, designed to spotlight the snacks, had died long ago. No one had considered replacing them. The writing

"Confections" and "Coffeetime" was done in dull blue and faded yellow like a cheap hotel sign.

Soon others arrived and they joined me at the big gray table. We all were about the same age. Everyone was from somewhere else. A fat cowboy led us to a dark dirty room. There was one window and many thick, ugly black wood school desks. On a large shelf, stacks of auto-part boxes and belts collected dust. I expected Buzz, the fat cowboy, to read Poe or say ominously, "I guess your wondering why I've asked you all to come here." He didn't. He picked up the simulated cab microphone from the desk in front of him and said, "When your out there this is your only friend. Get used to using it." He watched for our reactions. No one made a sound. "Most of you won't be here next week. It doesn't mean your not men. It's a tough life. I did it for thirty years before I got promoted. For the next six hours I'm gonna talk and your gonna listen. I'll help you make money because that's money for the company. I'm also going to help you stay alive. I'm not trying to scare you off, I'm just trying to be honest. You gotta ask yourself, 'why doesn't this person getting into my cab have a car?' There's a lot of weirdoes out there and some of them are armed." I heard the stories while waiting in the breakroom. Last year a driver was robbed and then run over with his own cab. Another was decapitated and his cab stolen. The simple robberies were too common and numerous to become passed around tales. I was concerned, but hoped that my leather jacket and the composure of a man who was probably carrying a gun would protect me.

Buzz spieled on and on. He showed us how to fill out a trip sheet. He told us about the road boss, an expert cabby who secretly followed us to make sure our meters were on and out cabs weren't swerving. He also filled out accident reports and occasionally took a fare if everyone was busy. Buzz gave us lists of stands and their corresponding numbers which we were expected to use. We were taught airport rules and how to handle luggage. He came to dress codes and turned all his attention to me. "Why don't you shave? That scruff will never become a beard. Turn your hat around. Your a cab driver, not a catcher. Ten minute break." I went outside for air and silence, but too soon it was time to go back inside. It didn't take Buzz long to reach full speed again. His flabby face grew red. Spit was collecting in the corners of his mouth. He was on automatic, thinking of his favorite stripper or a cold, canned beer as he laid down the Cabmandments. He thought he was a genius for coining the term. We repeated after him, accents mixing in the shadows and smoke of Buzz's ten minute cigar break. Then it was over.

"Go to the dispatcher. He'll help you pick a cab. Today only, you can quit at ten. It's six now. The cab you pick depends on weather you want to drive at day or night. Some will be taken for one shift already. Day shift starts at six AM. Night starts at six PM. You can drive as little as ten hours or as many as twelve. We have Astrovans and Chrysler K Cars. The back seats of the K Cars have no leg room, so let your passengers ride up front. You cannot carry a weapon under the seat. No tire irons, chains or bats. You can carry a flashlight. I suggest you get one of these Maglights

that hold a lot of batteries. They're heavy and they hurt. Good luck. You belong to the road boss now." I'm not sure why I picked a K Car, but I did. It had no power, an uncomfortable front seat and a back seat that came out completely. I pulled it out and checked the space every night. I found prizes suitable for a degenerate Cracker Jack box.

I left the lot for the first time and called it in. "Car fifty-one off lot headed downtown."

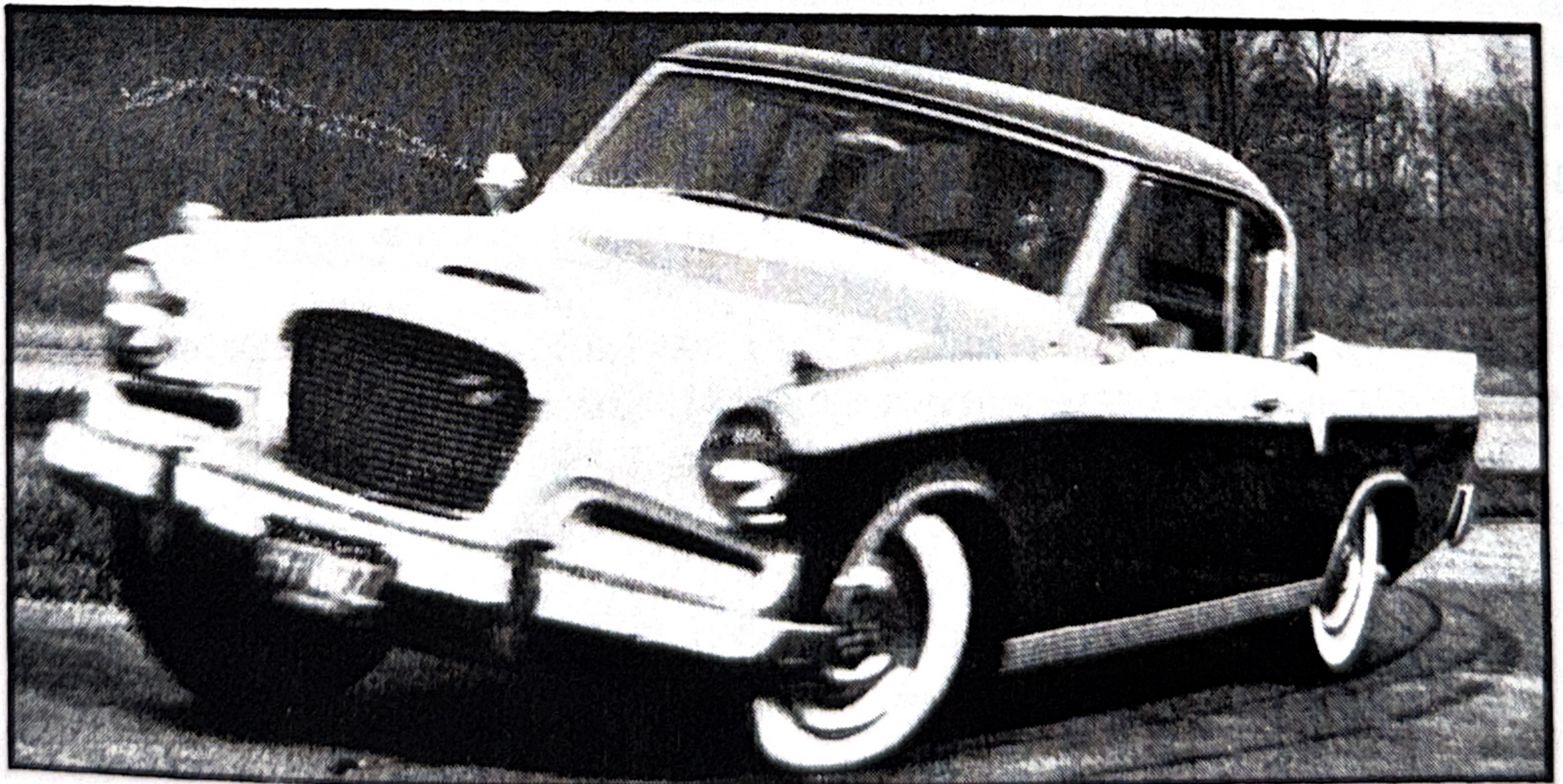
"That's zone A, fifty-one."

"Right, zone A, I forgot."

"Remember it, fifty-one."

So much to shove in my brain. I was very unsure of myself. It seemed easy before I actually had to do it. All the stand numbers, zone letters and correct words to use on the radio clumped together in a far corner of my brain. I could not pull individual pieces out and put them in my mouth. There were even code words to tell the dispatcher that you may be in trouble without letting your passenger know that you meant him or her.

Before I got downtown, I got a call. I was to go to the Blue Angel, a bar I'd later find out had a reputation for rough characters. A man in his late twenties got in next to me and gave me the address. I had an idea of where it was but I said, "You might want to tell me the fastest way. I'm new at this and I don't want you to think I'm trying to run up the meter with the long way." Buzz had told us that regulars were the way to have a steady income. I thought honesty would get me repeat customers. I should have faked it. He pointed the way and we drove.



"Left here," he said and we turned onto an empty street in an industrial area. We stopped at a red light. Before I knew it he had a knife to my throat, "What would you do if *this* happened, cuz?"

"It is happening," I squeezed out of my lips, trying to speak without moving my neck.

"I'm just kidding," he laughed, putting the knife back in his jacket pocket, "but the next guy might not be. You gotta protect your interests, holmes. You can go, the light's green."

I was stunned. My mouth hung open. I could still feel the point of the blade in my mind. "You're sick, man. I should have you arrested."

"You can't take a joke? Did you shit in your pants? Turn right here. Now stop." We were in front of an apartment building. "Keep the change. Be cool." He handed me a ten from a fat wad. The meter said five twenty. It flipped to five forty. I had forgotten to turn it off when I stopped the cab. This was a bad start. Was I supposed to tell someone about this?

I recorded the fair on my empty trip sheet and turned the cab around. A few blocks down, two kids flagged me down. My adrenaline was pumping. My stomach was churning. I pulled over. It was very cold and the streets were deserted. Buses ran infrequently on Sundays in every city. They weren't going anywhere unless I picked them up. They got in back. "Thanks, most times white drivers won't stop for me and my brother. What are you, new?"

"No, no. I just wouldn't want to be standing out there, freezing and have you drive past me. Do onto others...you know..."

"We're going downtown."

Perfect, I almost knew the way. After a few minutes of silence, during which I saw myself being examined through the rear view mirror, the older kid asks me, "Can we burn one in here?"

Buzz had not covered this. He *had* said to keep your passengers happy. "Fire it up," I said.

"Want some?"

Want some? I needed some. I had to take the edge off or I wouldn't even last four hours. I hit it a few times and passed it back. We got to where they were going and I remembered to shut off the meter. Unfortunately I had forgotten to call in the trip. Some singles and the roach were put into my hand. I stuffed it all in my pocket and reached for the clipboard. As I wrote, I noticed resin on my fingers. Without trying, I smeared it onto the paper I'd be turning in in three and a half hours. I looked at it until a traffic cop tapped on my window and told me to move. I was parked in a valet area.

As I put the car in gear I realized that I was higher than I had ever been. I could not face passengers in this condition. I drove around ignoring people as they tried to flag me down. The sky was growing dark. A storm of some kind was coming. That was not a regular joint. It had something strange in it, there was no doubt in what was left of my mind. I parked in a park. "Out for coffee," I called in.

"Who's out for coffee?" came the response.

"Fifty-one out for coffee."

"Thank you fifty-one."

I slumped in my seat and tried to relax. You cannot try to relax. You are or you aren't. I wasn't and I couldn't. I backed up and circled the outskirts of the city for a half hour.

"Fifty-one, are you back in?"

I wasn't smart enough to pretend that I wasn't. "Fifty-one back in."

"What's your location?"

I pulled a street name out of my head.

"Get 451 Pineview, 17A. He's going to the Veterans Hospital."

"You can't take a joke? Did you shit in your pants? Turn right here. Now stop." We were in front of an apartment building. "Keep the change. Be cool." He handed me a ten from a fat wad. The meter said five twenty. It flipped to five forty. I had forgotten to turn it off when I stopped the cab. This was a bad start. Was I supposed to tell someone about this?

I recorded the fair on my empty trip sheet and turned the cab around. A few blocks down, two kids flagged me down. My adrenaline was pumping. My stomach was churning. I pulled over. It was very cold and the streets were deserted. Buses ran infrequently on Sundays in every city. They weren't going anywhere unless I picked them up. They got in back. "Thanks, most times white drivers wont stop for me and my brother. What are you, new?"

"No, no. I just wouldn't want to be standing out there, freezing and have you drive past me. Do onto others...you know..."

"We're going downtown."

Perfect, I almost knew the way. After a few minutes of silence, during which I saw myself being examined through the rear view mirror, the older kid asks me, "Can we burn one in here?"

Buzz had not covered this. He *had* said to keep your passengers happy. "Fire it up," I said.

"Want some?"

Want some? I needed some. I had to take the edge off or I wouldn't even last four hours. I hit it a few times and passed it back. We got to where they were going and I remembered to shut off the meter. Unfortunately I had forgotten to call in the trip. Some singles and the roach were put into my hand. I stuffed it all in my pocket and reached for the clipboard. As I wrote, I noticed resin on my fingers. Without trying, I smeared it onto the paper I'd be turning in in three and a half hours. I looked at it until a traffic cop tapped on my window and told me to move. I was parked in a valet area.

As I put the car in gear I realized that I was higher than I had ever been. I could not face passengers in this condition. I drove around ignoring people as they tried to flag me down. The sky was growing dark. A storm of some kind was coming. That was not a regular joint. It had something strange in it, there was no doubt in what was left of my mind. I parked in a park. "Out for coffee," I called in.

"Who's out for coffee?" came the response.

"Fifty-one out for coffee."

"Thank you fifty-one."

I slumped in my seat and tried to relax. You cannot try to relax. You are or you aren't. I wasn't and I couldn't. I backed up and circled the outskirts of the city for a half hour.

"Fifty-one, are you back in?"

I wasn't smart enough to pretend that I wasn't. "Fifty-one back in."

"What's your location?"

I pulled a street name out of my head.

"Get 451 Pineview, 17A. He's going to the Veterans Hospital."

"Got it." Where the hell was Pineview Court? It must have been near the street I had given the dispatcher. It began to snow furiously and thickly. I pulled over and grabbed one of my three maps. I circled it in red and planned a route. After attempting to fold the map I crumpled it and shoved it into the glove compartment. I eased back onto the road but could hardly read the street signs because of the instant blizzard. I thought I was getting close and slowed way down. A loud horn threatened me from behind. Pineview Court, bingo. I took a left. 451 was a collection of buildings, a complex with no one front door or no doorbell to ring. There was a small road running between the two rows of apartments and a booth at the beginning of the road. I drove past it. In my mirror, I saw someone jump out and wave there arms. I stopped and threw it in reverse. He began yelling something I couldn't understand. I almost reached him when I felt one tire pop, then another. I got out and saw the sharp, big metal teeth of a "one way" Venus car trap smiling into my Goodyears. I refused to believe that this was really happening. I called the dispatcher. "What do you want me to do? Come there and change them?"

"But I have two flats..."

"You have two spares. Why don't you look?"

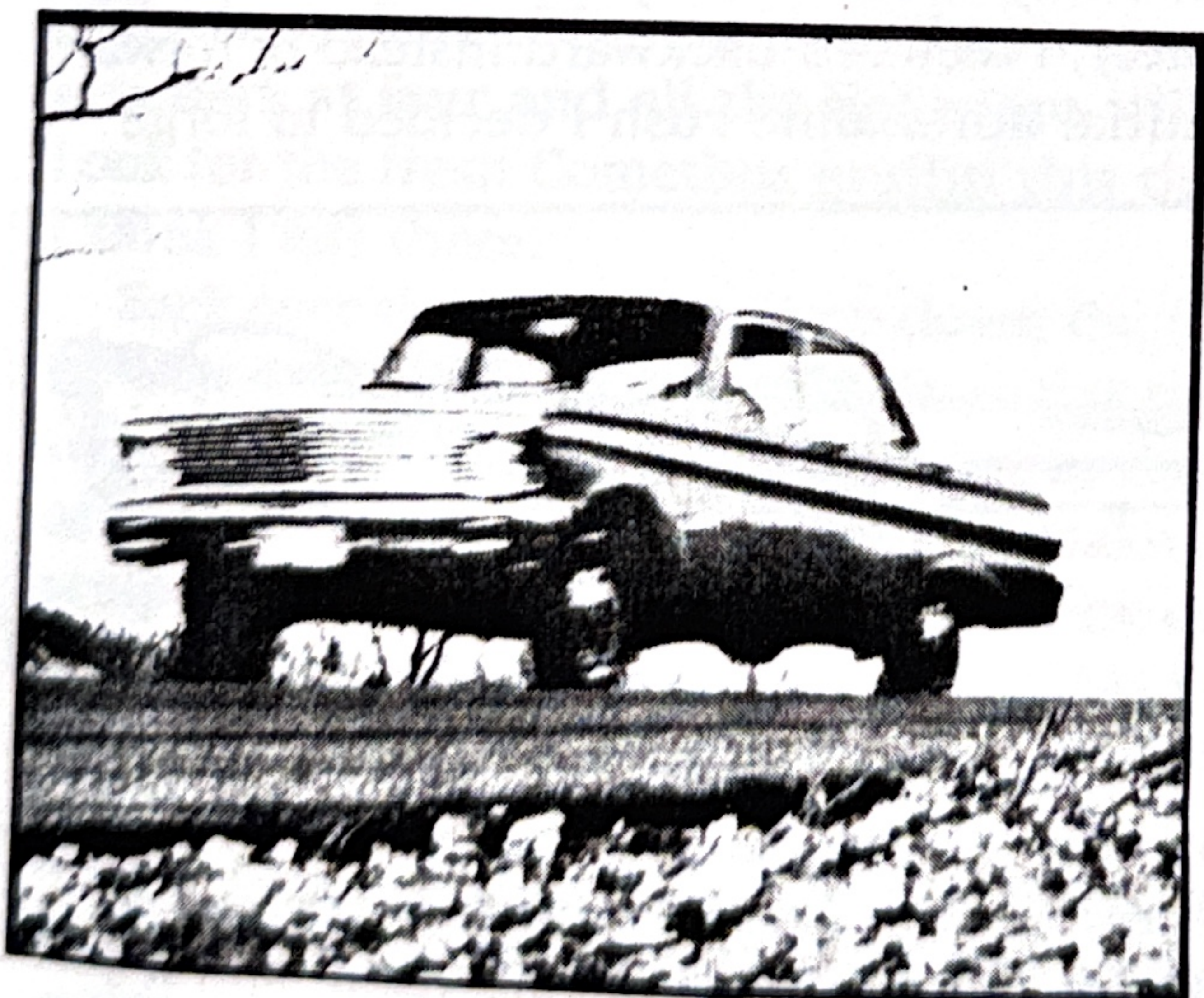
He was right.

"What did you want," asked the attendant. I saw him fighting back his laughter. "Your here for 17A, right? I'll show you where it is."

"Let me change my tires first."

"Yeah, that'd be best."

When I was done, he showed me a door. "He's nuts, but he's not violent. Good luck." Everyone kept wishing it, but I just wasn't having it. He walked back to his warm, predictable booth.



by
John Badge

I rang the bell. My passenger was a manic depressive Nam Vet. I listened to him tell me how worthless he was for twenty minutes. I had given up trying to convince him otherwise after the first ten. "We gotta go," I urged, "I gotta get you to the hospital. We walked to the car. The snow had stopped. We got

in and didn't speak for the entire ride. He didn't pull a knife on me. He didn't blow my mind with a mystery substance. He just handed me his V. A. carfare voucher as he got out and closed the door. He turned and nodded, then walked away. I was a cabby, and I didn't like it one bit.

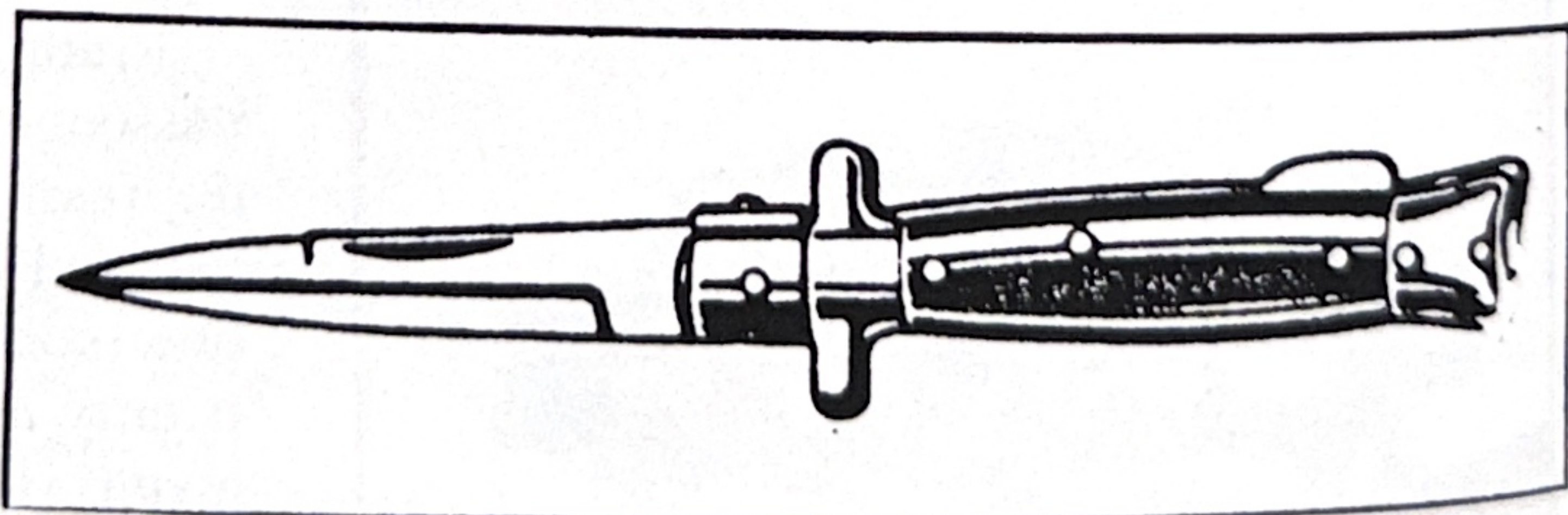
Scallion pancakes and abandon buildings

...are some things I look forward to, so I thought I'd take you for an adventure that I've been wanting to go on for a while now. This adventure has all the crucial elements of a nice long stroll: some trash picking, some caffeine consumption, some fence climbing, a misdemeanor or two and of course lots of choice wandering. It's by far the longest adventure yet, starting in Allston and ending up at the abandon incinerator on the border of Roxbury, so wear your comfortable high tops. However, you don't need much for this idle excursion; a bag, a couple bucks and a hazy day will be sufficient.

Start at the walking bridge that goes over the turnpike. Walk to the south side on Cambridge Street. Notice the huge black fence that they put up so no one can throw things off any more. Make a left onto Cambridge Street, cross over and make a right onto Linden. Take your first left onto Pratt Street. Walk a block on the left hand side and you'll see some older houses once you pass Superior Auto. There's a funny notch in the road and after that Pratt turns into Wadsworth. The house on that corner is a huge brown house with a peculiar chalky blue trim, but I like the green and yellow one next to it even more.

When you get to a dead end, make a left around the far side of the apartment building and walk back to the fence. On the other side is the back of the huge train yard that you see from Cambridge Street. When I first went back there, I thought 'cool, a walk along the train tracks.' I had one foot on the fence when I heard this faint metallic tingling noise. It sounded like the stray guitar strings that never get trimmed off the tuning machines, or like the beginning of a Drive Like Jehu song. I ignored it, thinking it was just an average train yard noise. Two seconds later a Commuter Rail train came barreling by going at least eighty miles per hour on the track that I was about to jump onto! It was literally two feet away from me as I was balancing on the fence and fortunately, I teetered backward instead of forward as the train flew by. After the initial adrenaline rush I decided to forge another route.

Go back out to the front of the building and up Hartly. Make a left onto Ashford and go the whole way, past the fake



soccer field, the double decker bus and the high security parking lots, and make a right at the end. Find the blue box on the wall and make a left up the stairs. Be warned, you have now entered Boston University property. Boston University owns more land in Boston than the city itself, and it's nothing short of a police state.

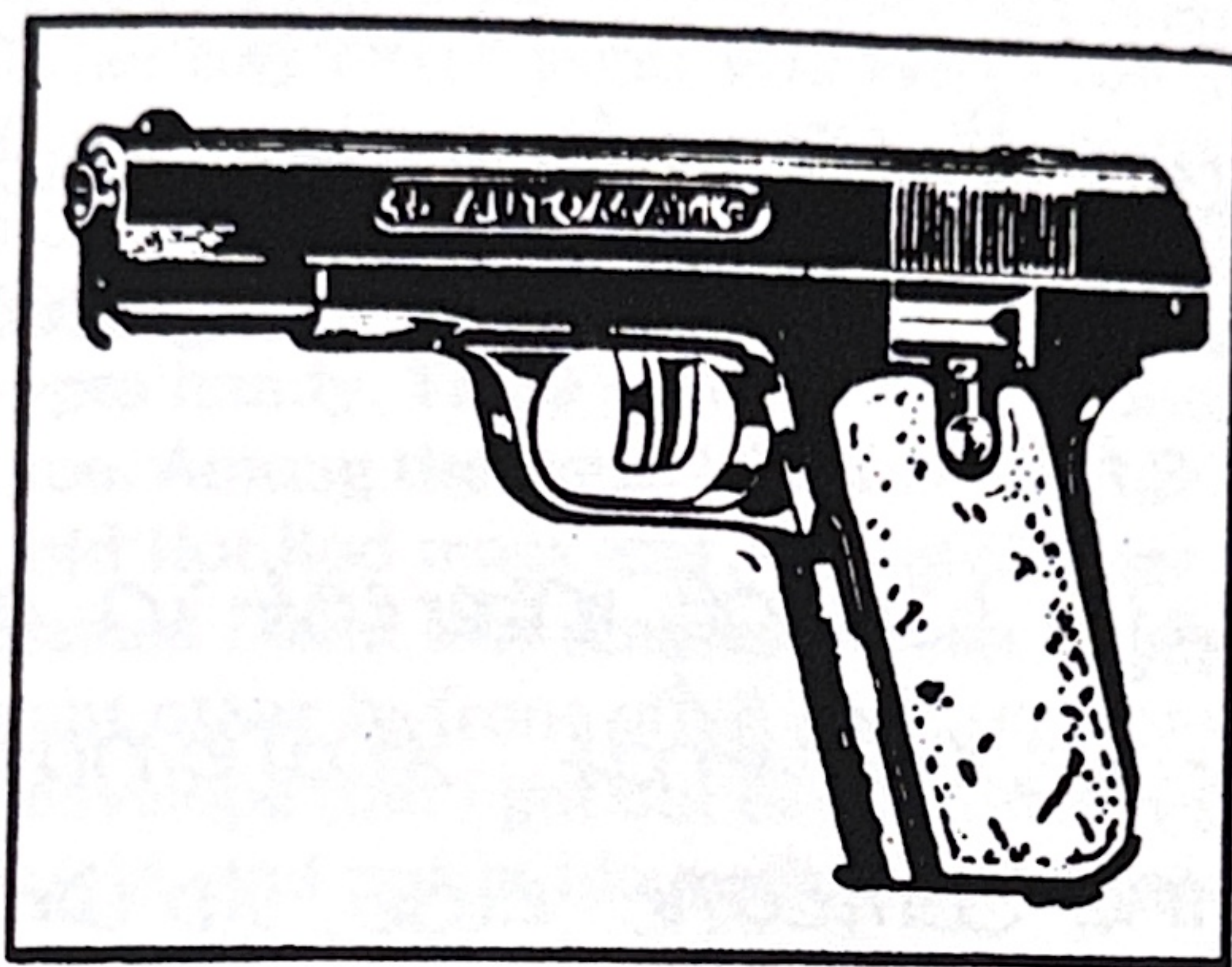
Walk out to the fake football field. You'll notice that on your left is a cafeteria. It was about lunch time when I was there last, so I decided to try to get in. I tried to just walk past the guard and look straight ahead, but he was a little too quick for me. He was an old man with dark skin and all the

wrinkles in his face were all horizontal. He had a mustache that stretched all the way to his cheeks. "ID?" He said simply. I looked at him with my best stupid face, but I guess I didn't look stupid enough. "Get out, kid"

Keep walking up the same path, past hundreds of BU students late for class. Find Sleeper Hall and if the fence is open, take a ride on one of the tricycles. They're not the shiny red and white radio flyer type of tricycles that you had when you were a kid. They're the ones that they had at the kindergarten gym. They're dull and rusty, but bigger than the other ones, so they're more conducive to taller riders like myself.

After a good tricycle session, make a right out into the alley. Instead of going out to

make a left under the walk-sign that says "Admittance." through the left hand corner the sign that No after making speeding come the fence onto your way over



Commonwealth, down the hill anyway. Ignore the "No Public Find your way parking lot to the ner. Again, Ignore says "Absolutely Trespassing" and, sure there's no muter rail, jump the tracks. Make to the far side of

the tracks by Storrow and make a right. Walk up the tracks to the first bridge that goes over the highway, and be sure to look behind you every once and a while because trains do come and they're hard to hear due to highway noise. If you want, walk out to the second bridge support and hang for a while, as you did in the first Adventure back in no duh 3. This is one of the best views of Boston that I know of, especially in the winter when it gets dark at four and all the lights are still on in the financial district. Look for the fresh Cometbus graffiti this time, along with the black knit hat I think I left there.

Back over the highway, climb down the hill on the opposite side of the BU bridge and hop the fence. Walk under the bridges on the wooden walkway and along the river until you get to the first walking bridge that goes across the highway. Walk over it and make a left. Walk past the big metal sculpture that looks like a Q, and the one on the other side that is similar but more rusted and angular. Keep walking past the ivy covered buildings, until you see another sculpture on your left, and cut across that little park to the alley.

This begins a long stretch of dumpsters. You can dumpster almost the whole way down to The Commons from here. This first stretch is all BU property, so watch for the University Storm Troopers that often roam the alley in their police trucks, hassling innocent wanderers like yourself. As far as the trash goes, you'll find lots of BU student trash: torn vinyl Meads, Crunch-N-Munch boxes, beer-stained Soul Asylum posters, pizza boxes and angst-ridden Dear John letters such as this one:

Dear John

I hope that you got your stamps back I had them mailed out, last week some time, I think it was Wednesday, I got that special package on Saturday, thank's a million.

I had alot of people to pay back but I did get to get something's I really needed, Why haven't you wrote to me yet this week that's not like you at all.

What are you LOOSING interest in me, please tell me that it's not that. That's not you at all. Or did you find someone else, to write too! you told me that we were going to be as one some day but now I'm wondering was that all game or what.

Baby I know I owe you a picture and every time you ask for one I tell you something that's not to your liking, But they are going to do them at the beginning of next month. And guess what you can get that.

I know Robyns haven't wrote you friend back yet, she's in max and not all that happy about it or more like feel's like writing any one. But hopefully she'll get over it. I would give my room-mate's name but she doesn't

Continue down the alley, dumpstering as you go. You'll have to cross a highway or two before you get to the last of the BU dumpsters. People come off Storrow drive pretty fast, so be careful and don't get hit...you wouldn't want me to feel bad!

When you get to the spot where there are two or three bridges, look under the first one and find the lofts that people made with sheets of plywood supported by the bridge girders. Pretty ingenious, huh? There's usually no one home, so go ahead and check them out up close. Make a left and then a right around the beer can pond. You will probably find old bike tires, some golf clubs and a green lock-box on the wall. It has been there for a long time, but if you shake it you'll find there's nothing in it. Make another right around the other side of the pond, and then a left under the bridge. Cross the highway again and keep dumpstering. You will eventually have to cross Massachusetts Avenue right where it meets the bridge. The dumpstering after that is fruitful, but after dark you should do it on a bike and keep your Krypto handy. There's always some asshole back there waiting to accost you. Among the items I found there are a four foot long plastic fire truck, old Hot Rod mags and a spiteful letter from a some woman to a man named David that scolded him for acting as if he wasn't really her significant other in front of all their friends at some party; which I put in an envelope that I got out of our kitchen trash addressed to my house mate, David, and put in his mail pile. At least I intended to. I think I actually lost it in a stack of real mail.

When you come to the first walking bridge, make a right onto Fairfield Street. Look in the basement window of the brick building, on the corner of Fairfield and Marlboro, at all the files and mess of paper. Crop a twelve foot by four foot square of that with your hands, and add some old high tops, a dirty coffee mug and about twenty all black postcards that say "(some town) at Night." That's pretty much what my room looks like.

Cross Marlboro and make a left down the first alley. Alley's with curbs: only in Back Bay Boston. Hey, there's no dumpsters here! No wonder, the sign at the other end says "Public Alley #417," and what we want is #427, if I remember correctly. Sorry, we'll hit it next time. Make a right up Exeter, and a left down public Alley #420. No dumpsters here either! Shit.

Make your next right and cross the street. Check out all the huge books in the glass cases in front of Waterstone's. There's an interesting way to sell books! You can't page through them or even read the back to see what they're about. I guess you're just supposed to be so enthralled by the slick graphics on the cover that you shell out the thirty bucks.

At this point on my Adventure I decided to stop into X to say hello to my friend Y and get some free Z. As I was about to turn the corner onto Newbury Street, I ran into my friend S. Whenever I come across someone I know near Newbury Street, I always feel a little embarrassed to be seen in such a chi-chi location. I always find my self wanting to say, "I'm only here for the free Z. Honest." S, however, is not the judgmental type, so I kept the excuse to myself. S knew I was going to finish up the Adventure that day and asked me how it was going.

"I don't know. It seemed much more exciting last week. Today it's not really working out. The tricycle lot was closed, I couldn't get in the BU cafeteria...but I did almost get hit by the commuter rail, though."

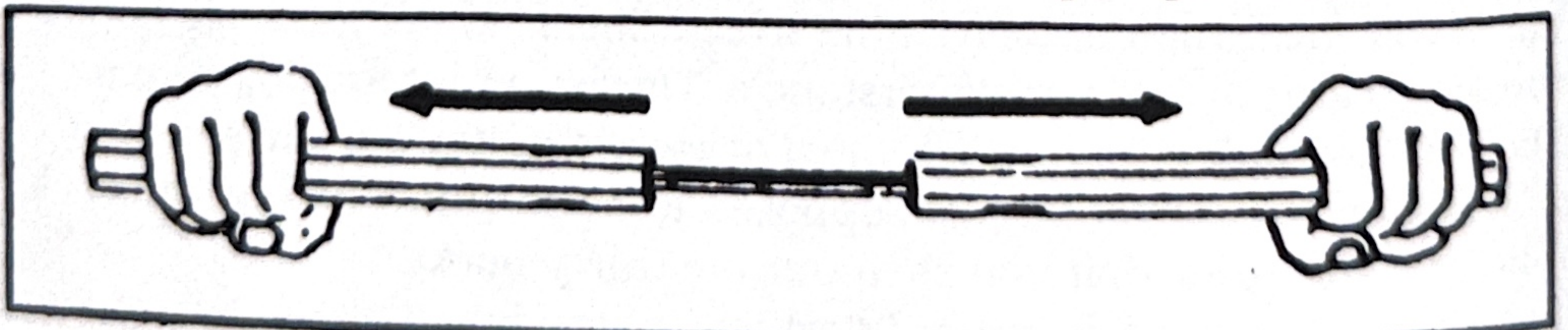
"No shit! What happened?"

"Well, it actually sounds more exciting than it was. Anyway, there wasn't much good trash and I missed all the Public Alley dumpsters. I think I'm just going to the library. I need a quiet place to think about Gotsam Borglund."

Adventure number three

I was talking to a guy last night who happens to be an artist from Santa Fe. He answers all your rhetorical questions and always makes a clicking sound with his tongue and the roof of his mouth when you talk to him. He has a big black beard and the top of his head is died yellow. He wears a Greek Fisherman's cap and moon boots, those plastic and nylon snow boots from the early eighties. His pair is yellow and royal blue. He has told me about his art, although I've never gone to one of his openings. He says it's painting on canvass, but he also uses a needle and thread to stitch the canvass. He has had a reoccurring problem with his art for twenty years. "I bring it to a fine art gallery," he says, "and they tell me it's a craft. I bring it to a craft show and they tell me it's fine art!"

"Who the hell would come up with the idea of carving four president's heads into the side of a mountain in the middle of nowhere?" I asked him when he said something about an art gallery in South Dakota. He told me with a smile and a click that Gotsam Borglund did. Kicking around the Boston Public Library, I found out that Gotsam Borglund was also the one who decided that the Statue of Liberty would fare better as a lighthouse, so he masterminded that project as well. From what I understand, this is the reason that the Statue went under massive renovations a few years back. My house mate, David, tells me that Gotsam was also an active KKK member, so you know his elevator didn't reach the top floor in the first place. I guess I can imagine thinking up a project like that, but I don't understand how he actually took it to the drawing board without being laughed at.

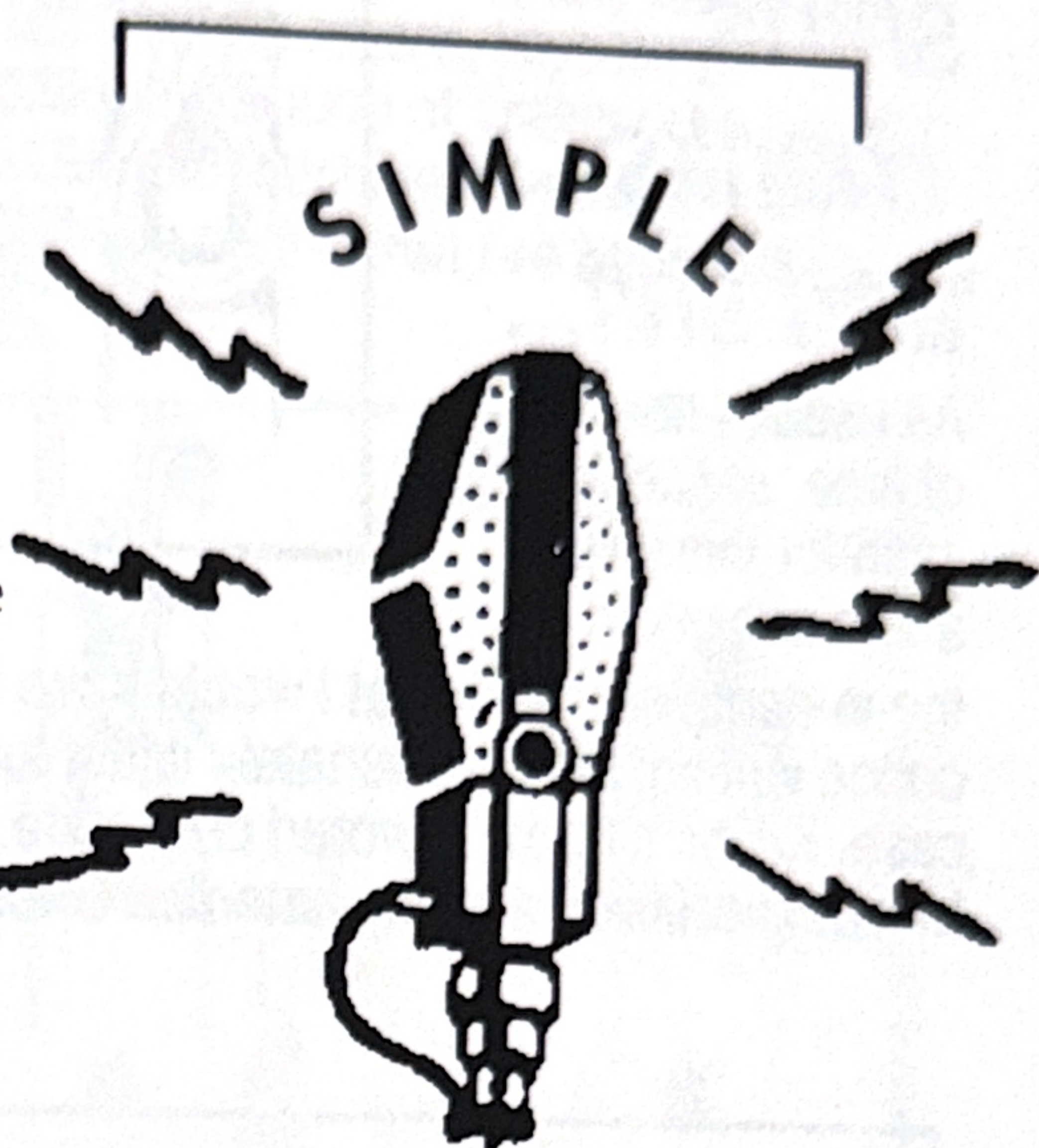


Anyway, find your way to the social sciences wing of the BPL, where it's quiet and they have individual lights on each table. This is one of the older parts of the BPL, and it's placid and dark. Here you can think clearly about Gotsam Borglund, or whatever is on your mind. I thought up some things that Gotsam might have done earlier in life, before the notoriety of his "accomplishments." I won't tell you what they are. All the fun is in thinking them up yourself.

After an hour or so I remembered that I still don't even know how to get to the abandon incinerator, although I've seen it from the highway a number of times and I've been meaning to ask Rex for directions. I *do* know that you can get a huge delicious scallion pancake at the eatery for two bucks, but I ended up getting two slices at Pizza Romano instead. Sometimes they give you two slices for the price of one if you go right before they close, and the slices are huge anyway. Then I returned home only to be swept out the door by David to the Krishna Temple where I met the rest of my house for a free Indian feast.

David and I share a lot of similar ideas, and it wasn't a surprise that we both got a little put off by the didactic post-meal Krishna sermon and ended up standing outside waiting for the others. David asked me what I did that day and I told him about my foiled adventure. I told him that nothing went the way I had planned, and I didn't even make it to Chinatown for the scallion pancake. David said that it reminded him of something his mom used to say: "Life is what happens while your hoping for something to happen." (David's mom also makes the raddest baked beans ever. That gives her some serious clout with me.)

Usually things don't happen as planned, but what happens instead does for a reason. We're are always reacting to something, even when we're supposedly acting according to some plan. Sometimes we just have to stop what we're doing and check out what's going on around us right now. Sometimes it's even worth writing down. "Scallion Pancakes and abandon buildings are some things I look forward to..."



MACHINES

smr 014

Season's Greeting's 7"
Velocity Girl/Tsunami split 7"
the dynamic duo of
noise pop take on
Bing and Frankie
and record some
new Christmas songs!

smr 006

Inclined Plane 7"
the final machine series 7"
with unreleased tracks from
Unrest Superchunk
Rodan Tsunami

smwh 01 January

the first working holiday 7"
Scrawl and Versus

smwh 02 February

the second working holiday 7"
Lungfish and The Tinklers

*all 7's are \$3 ppd in US,
\$4 in Canada, \$6 overseas*

send a stamp for a full catalog

**p.o. box 10290
arlington, va 22210-1290**

Ads, T-shirts, Thanks and shit...

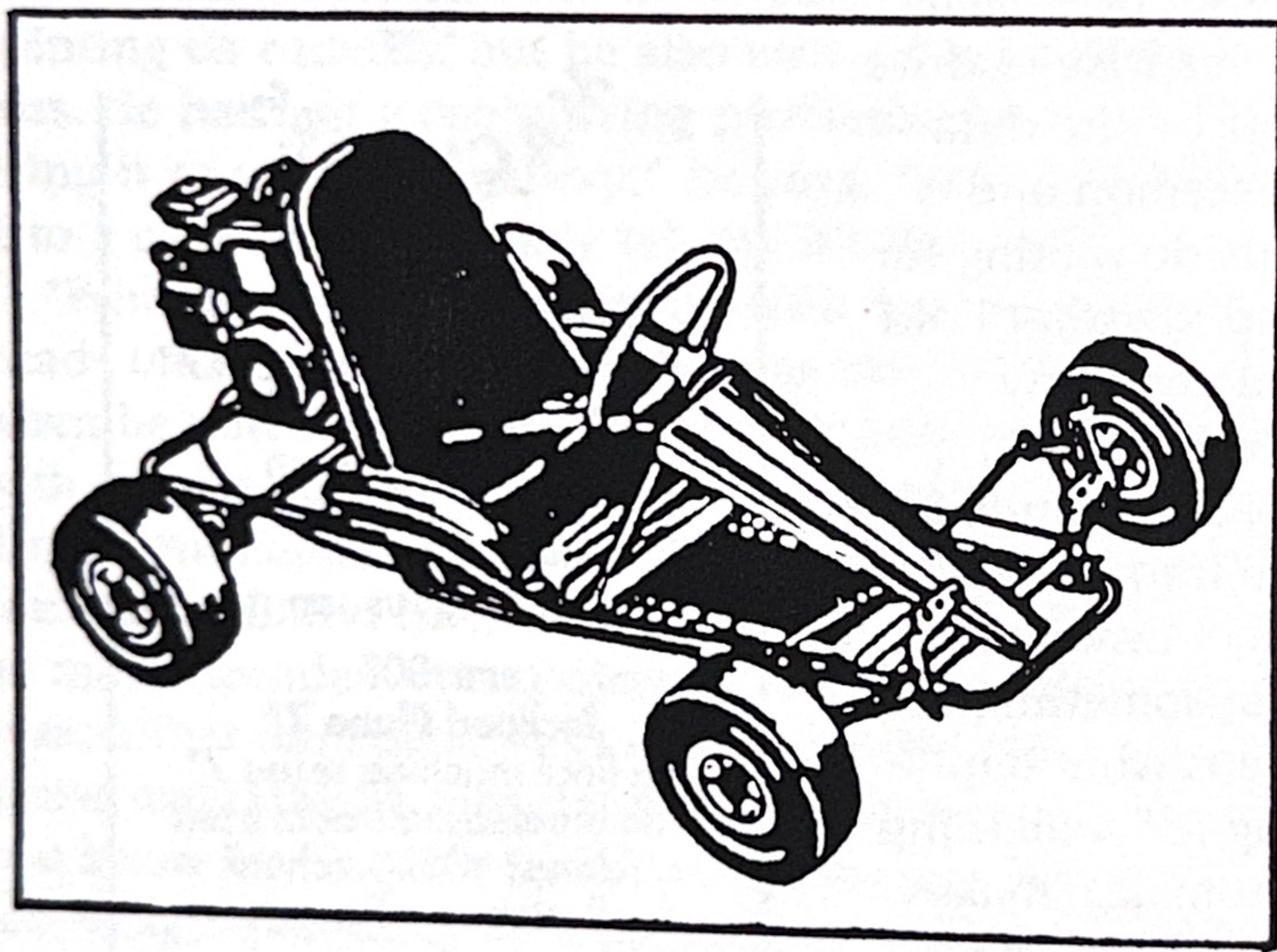
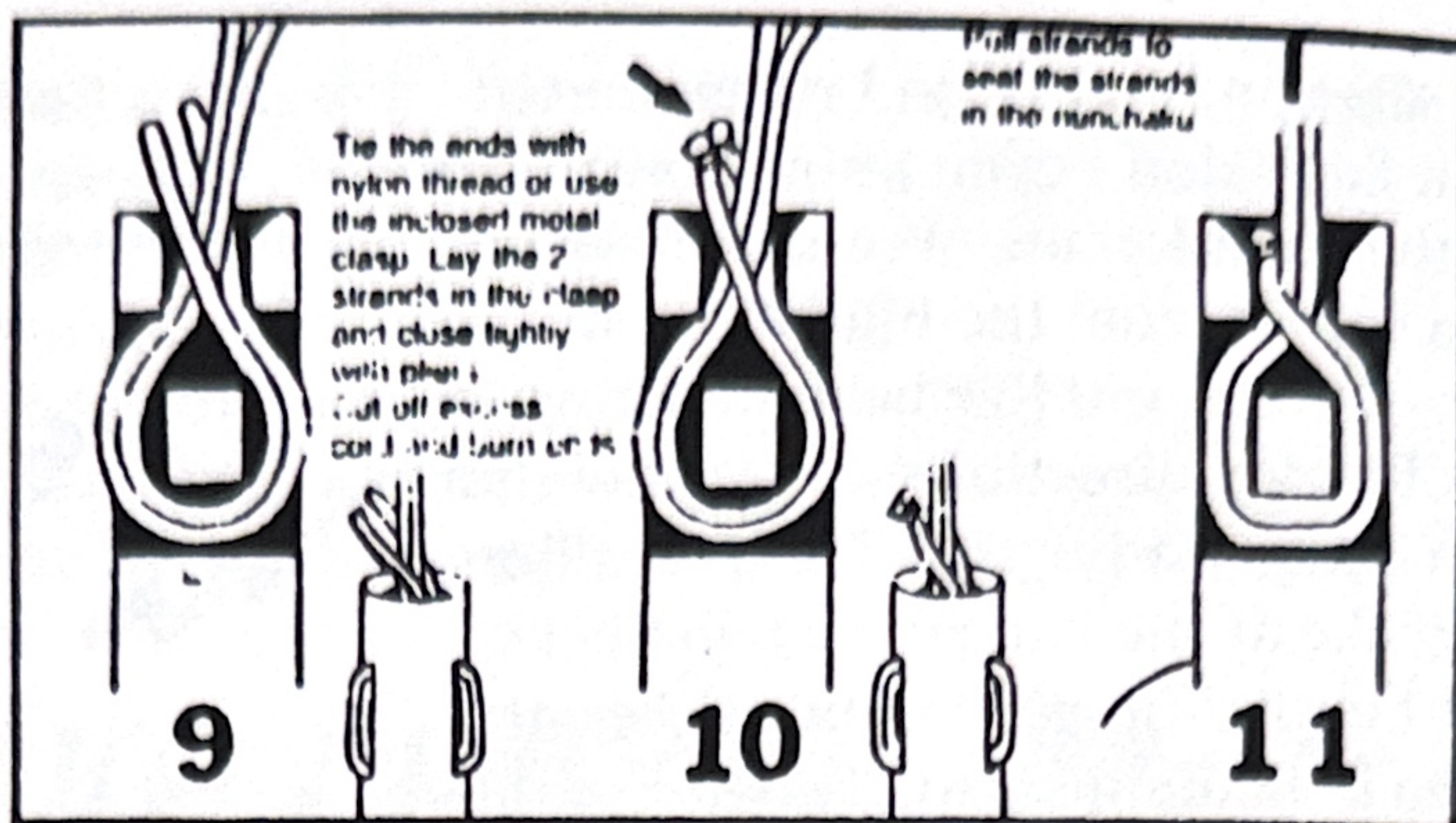
As usual, I ran out of time, space, and cash for this issue and didn't get to do

the in-depth research that I would have liked. I had originally intended to do more coffee writing, but unfortunately it just turned into more coffee drinking. In any case, Kristin's froofy-flavored chocolate raspberry coffee, John's drug-induced Mustang collision and my patented Chock full o' Nuts-and-hot-tap-water-brewing

technique are all on indefinite hold for now. Maybe next issue...

Thanks go out to Kate Taylor and WGBH, Al, Greta, John Badge, Sara, Charlie, Rex, Sean, and The Murph for all their willing and less than willing contributions for this issue. Also thanks to the Positive Force House, the

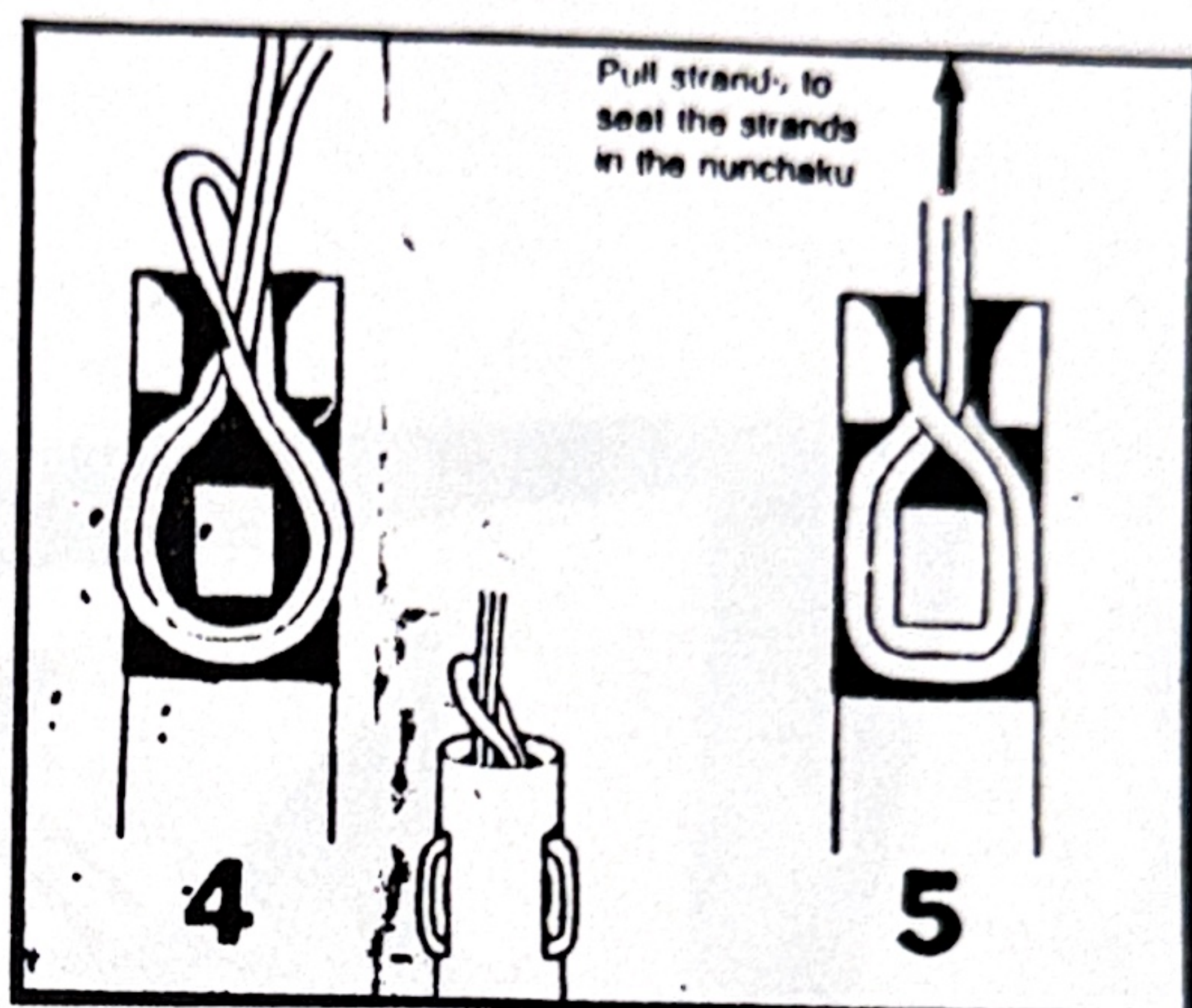
Edison Street house, the rest of 2 Aldie Street, Garrett, Amy, my folks, Ann for proof reading, everyone who sends promo shit, Simple Machines, Pat, Joe, Donna and anyone who gave me food, rides, coffee and inspiration. **T-shirts and back issues** are two things that require a good amount of up front dough, so you probably wont be seeing them in the near future. You may have noticed that it takes me forever to get the shirts done, so if you ordered one, hang in there. **Add rates** for no duh are available upon request and rarely consist of money alone. Right now my distribution is over 750, and I still keep running out. The merchandise and services you see advertised in no duh is of the finest quality and recommended highly by this consumer.



Current miscellaneous good things include: Hoover live and the new 7", Choptank live, Madder Rose live, the Cub 7', the new Zuzu's Petals, Swirlies live, Helium live, Girls against Boys live, the Drive like Jehu record, Lilys live, Cheesecake live, the Wool record, the Rain like the Sound of Trains demo-thing, the Neapolitan Metropolitan records and the Simple Machines X-mus single, the Best and the Worst of Sentriddoh, and the Codeine record that I've been listening to for six months. Also seek out Al

Hoover's Broken Press, Dishwasher #7, Cometbus #29, Blowin' Chunx #5, car #43, French Market Coffee and Chicory, 7-11 coffee (they let you fill up your huge travel mug for seventy-eight cents...sometimes less!), Thomas Pynchon's "The Crying of Lot 49", Willa Cather's "The Professor's House", and look out for the Jungle Gym zine distro machine. **No duh** is a serious chunk of sixty-weight concocted by me alone at all hours of the night. It comes to you with

love from Ann's closet in the back of Boston. No duh is made from only the finest ingredients: A Mac (Yeah, I sold out!), old magazines, letters and pictures found in your trash, along with tons of Sharpies, glue sticks, rulers, exacto-knives and other odds and ends stolen from Kinko's while the employees argue with Harvard students. You can get this issue if you send two bucks to 2 Aldie St., #1, Allston MA 02134, but it's probably much quicker to get it from Tower Records, Simple Machines, the Primal Plunge or your local record store, since no duh isn't very efficient as a mail order business. If you have to send fake money, please make it



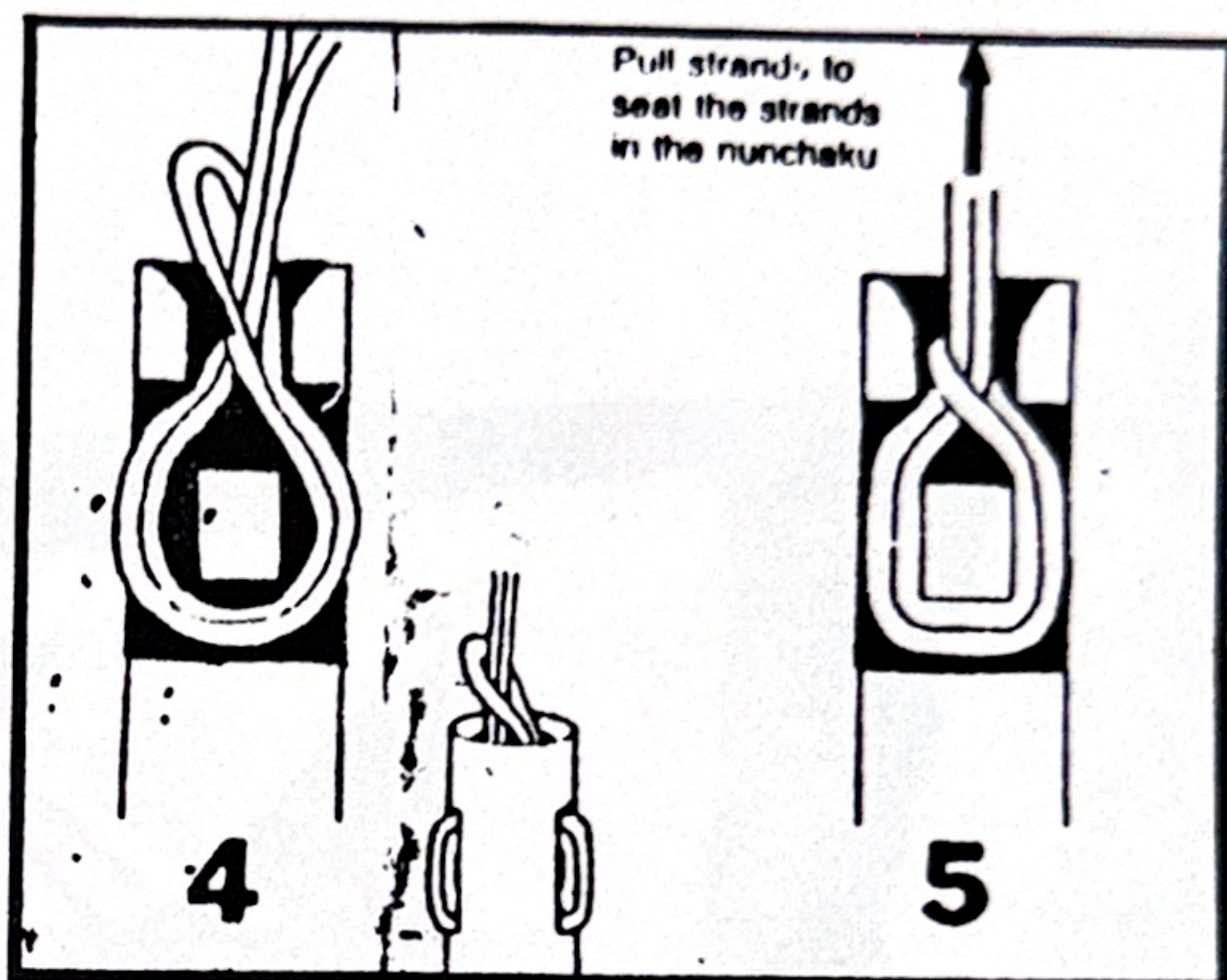
out to Geoff (that's me). All checks and money orders made out to no duh will be promptly destroyed. If you sent for #2 from the Sassy thing and haven't gotten it yet, hang in there. I'll send something eventually, no, really...I promise. Feel free to write me letters and ask stupid questions, but it helps to send a stamp or soap the one you use. It's also cool to send those postcards that are all black and say "(your town) at Night". I'm starting a collection. **The next issue** of no duh will

probably be a while due to the fact that I'll be roaming around the country for the next three or four months, starting at the beginning of February. You can send two bucks for it when ever you want if you don't mind the wait, but I won't be able to answer mail for a while. If I come to your town and you give me a personal tour of all the cool places, I'll be sure to hook you up when it comes out. I'm the tall guy with the blue backpack and wicked fat Adidas...so look for me!

Current miscellaneous good things include: Hoover live and the new 7", Choptank live, Madder Rose live, the Cub 7', the new Zuzu's Petals, Swirlies live, Helium live, Girls against Boys live, the Drive like Jehu record, Lilys live, Cheesecake live, the Wool record, the Rain like the Sound of Trains demo-thing, the Neapolitan Metropolitan records and the Simple Machines X-mus single, the Best and the Worst of Sentridoh, and the Codeine record that I've been listening to for six months. Also seek out Al

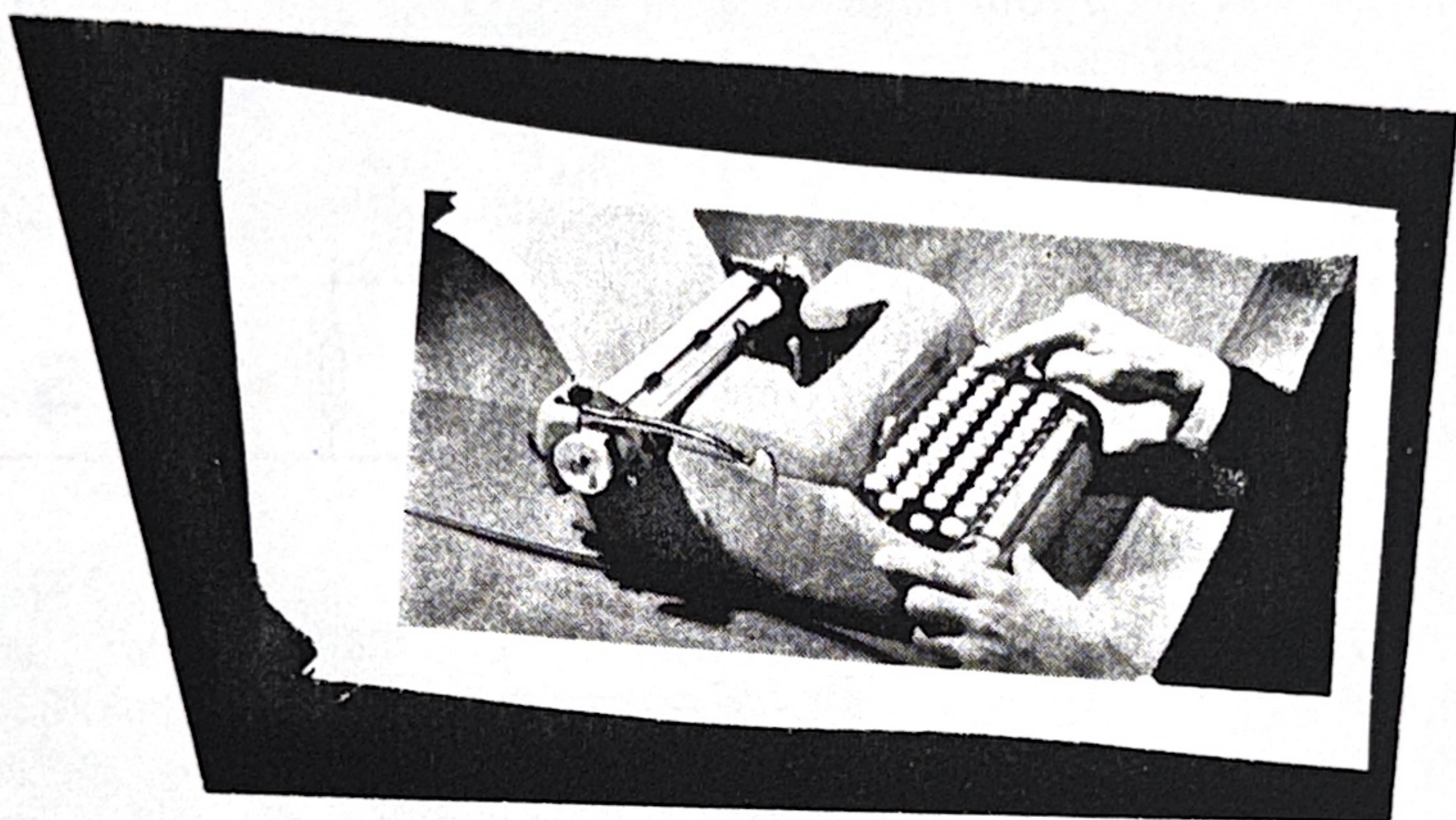
Hoover's Broken Press, Dishwasher #7, Cometbus #29, Blowin' Chunx #5, car #43, French Market Coffee and Chicory, 7-11 coffee (they let you fill up your huge travel mug for seventy-eight cents...sometimes less!), Thomas Pynchon's "The Crying of Lot 49", Willa Cather's "The Professor's House", and look out for the Jungle Gym zine distro machine. **No duh** is a serious chunk of sixty-weight concocted by me alone at all hours of the night. It comes to you with

love from Ann's closet in the back of Boston. No duh is made from only the finest ingredients: A Mac (Yeah, I sold out!), old magazines, letters and pictures found in your trash, along with tons of Sharpies, glue sticks, rulers, exacto-knives and other odds and ends stolen from Kinko's while the employees argue with Harvard students. You can get this issue if you send two bucks to 2 Aldie St., #1, Allston MA 02134, but it's probably much quicker to get it from Tower Records, Simple Machines, the Primal Plunge or your local record store, since no duh isn't very efficient as a mail order business. If you have to send fake money, please make it



out to Geoff (that's me). All checks and money orders made out to no duh will be promptly destroyed. If you sent for #2 from the Sassy thing and haven't gotten it yet, hang in there. I'll send something eventually, no, really...I promise. Feel free to write me letters and ask stupid questions, but it helps to send a stamp or soap the one you use. It's also cool to send those postcards that are all black and say "(your town) at Night". I'm starting a collection. **The next issue** of no duh will

probably be a while due to the fact that I'll be roaming around the country for the next three or four months, starting at the beginning of February. You can send two bucks for it when ever you want if you don't mind the wait, but I won't be able to answer mail for a while. If I come to your town and you give me a personal tour of all the cool places, I'll be sure to hook you up when it comes out. I'm the tall guy with the blue backpack and wicked fat Adidas...so look for me!



THINGS ARE CONFUSING...
TAKE NOTES.

